

difficulty a whole class of eager young medical students volunteered yesterday to give themselves to any experiment being conducted for purposes of saving humanity as you say your experiment cannot do them harm it can only fail to do good for the cause of humanity then for the sake of saving human life these young men will be at your laboratory tomorrow morning oh yes it's a noble work and a noble youth with which we deal

alice saw a crowd ahead and joined them as they listened to a ragged man mounted on an upturned box --- and our youth our sons and daughters are we going to stand by and see them sacrificed to satisfy the selfish wishes of a few leaders are we rearing children for the battlefield cannon fodder that's all they'll be the innocent victims of a craze to kill on to power and to heck with humanity that's the motto of the governments of to-day down with the government down with the schools down with everything down with everybody

alice left the man drowning in his own oratory but mused upon his words being methodical little alice put down in two columns all she had heard and seen of a queer people that day like this

many overworked wanting leisure

others idle wanting work

many wanting time to play games

others playing games for work

many denying themselves food on purpose

others starving from necessity

rich parents forbidding children to give money away

poor parents refusing to allow children to accept money

some men fighting to save humanity

others fighting to destroy humanity

what a mess said little alice i'm glad i don't live in this queer place i'll go back to peter pan in never never land this earth a.d. 1938 is the same old sphere of the paradox that it was when he lived on it.

Query

The dusk is coming now,
 A gentle stillness falls; and over
 Hills and lake, and sky, it creeps.
 There is no hurry, no delay,
 Just lovely color, changing slow.
 All is quiet - all is still.
 The world's at rest - can't we be?
 But no - we struggle, and we strive,
 We aim so high - we think we do,
 And then what do we get?
 Well - success sometimes, more often not.
 But we don't live, we are too tried,
 We are afraid to rest.
 We say - what of others, what they think?
 Does it matter very much?
 We have one life, they have one too;
 We have our share, are grateful too
 For something all our own.
 But we don't make the best of it,
 We will not rest.

In Defence of Nonconformity

(Dedicated to Tim Buck)

"When in Rome, do as the Romans do", is an adage (pronounced ad 'aj according to Webster and Dr. Martin) which we have all heard, and heard, and heard again. Our slightest transgression, our minutest deviation becomes occasion for wagging heads and the admonition, "When in Rome --". The more numerous one's transgressions, the more Romanish one is exhorted to become. The more one is exhorted, the less one admires the presumably docile Romans.

"When in Rome, do as the Romans do". Now, I ask you, Why?

Why must we walk and dress, think and speak as others do? Why, because we are in Rome, must we become as Romans? Have they better manners and habits than we? Then by all means be guided by them. But look carefully first! Are the customs of Rome better than the customs we are practising. Do they contribute to the full development of the person, to the full expression of the self? Are the ways of the Romans the best ways for us as individuals? Are their habits and practices worthy of imitation? Think carefully!

As human beings, we do follow certain paths laid out by the rest of our kind, perform certain acts fundamental to our species. But we are more than classified animals. We are individuals with special traits, special characteristics, special potentialities, special aims and ideals. The question is: to what degree must the individual be sacrificed to the species? To what degree is the individual more important than the biological specimen?

(Dear me! This started off as a satire and seems to have developed into a serious discourse. Well, I absolve myself from all responsibility - the theme goes on, serious or satirical, in humorous or deadly earnest even, as my very temperamental and whimsical pen dictates.)

The Romans, at least in ancient times, were an admirable race. But did they all conform? Certainly Anthony did not, and look how famous he has become! He's even been made a movie star, a box-office attraction second to none (save, perhaps, Clark Gable). Our friend Mussolini is endeavoring to make all his gallant countrymen conform to a pattern, and see what a mess he is in!

Compare the German goose-step of the conformists to the German creative dance and expression gymnastics. Well? We agree then, that the creative dancer appeals to the public, becomes a Broadway attraction, has had ramifications which affect us all (in various ways). The goose-step seems well named for its dull and stolid followers.

Everyone has an inner desire to express himself somehow. Prohibition leads to inhibition: inhibition invariably to disaster. If individual expression, then, harms no one, disrupts no regime, has no adverse effect on the individual himself, why worry? If the Professor of History chooses to wear green ties with a blue shirt and a purple suit, what's the difference? Is he any the worse for it? Is he any less learned? Once the class becomes accustomed to it, is his garb any detraction from his words of wisdom?

The famous men of letters - Bryon, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Thomas Hardy, William Blake, Charles Lamb, and above all, Doctor Johnson - were they adherent to the recognized ways of their age? Did Dr. Johnson's clothing detract from his genius? Did his table manners - or rather, his famed lack of them - bar him from the homes of the eminent? I should say not! He was appreciated for his genius, wit, and learning which still mean so much.

James Watt annoyed his Grandmother by fiddling with the tea-kettle lid - it wasn't done in the best families. But we can thank little James for snapping his fingers at convention every time we use the C.N.R., C.P.R., or any other railway, notwithstanding the many headaches these same railways cause our long-suffering statesmen.

It is only by doing something definitely new and different that scientists have made their great discoveries. It would be superfluous to cite examples (besides, I'm

running out of ink).

Now, if any one starts "When in Rome --" I shall let him finish, draw myself up to my full height, look him straight in the eye, and say:

"Why?"

- Anonymous

Egad!.....what is it?.....that noise, it's ringing in my ears...it's shouting, shouting I tell you....Wait, I've got it, the fire alarm, a fire. Help! What shall I do? I've got to help, I've got to save them from the burning embers. Ah, the trucks.....I've got to work quickly, if my legs could only carry me faster.....they're aching, every muscle is aching but I can't stop now. Ah, there's Quancey, and we're nearly there. Out from the station we shoot like a comet flashing through the sky. Dean is handling the wheel, and taking the curves at 90 per. Brrrrrrr---it's cold, why must Mr. O' Henry take all the buttons from my pyjamas.....Look out Quance, ring that siren before we hit that woman, who seems to be practising the Big Apple in the middle of Bloor Street. Phew! We got through that mob safely, and there is the Plaza, just one more bad corner. Oh, those screeching brakes, it's enough to make anyone lose their false teeth! My hands, they are frozen to this ladder I'm sure. Ring it again Quancey, or we'll all be killed. At last, I see the Medical Arts, and the blaze is in view. The house seems to be going quickly. Is everyone out?.....Heavens, look at Margo shivering in her bare feet, and her with a cold already, it's pneumonia for sure. Who am I tripping over in the gutter, Oh it's just Plaunt, she'll come out of it in time. I can't stop to pick her up, there's work to be done! (Attitudes?) Where's Bob with her crutches, I see her now, she's safe, but Phoebe and Brown?.....Oh Heaven, why must we run a blinking infirmary? Where is Winn, she's asleep, I know. I'll have to get her, she'll perish and not know the difference! That smoke, it's choking me but I've got to go on. Winn, Winn, wake up.... No....it's not a picnic and I'm not a foul individual; it's a fire, a fire do you hear.....Get out of that confounded night-dress, I can't be annoyed with skirts at this stage in the game. Wake up you idiot, we've no time to lose,.....no you don't need your glasses. The front door is blocked, we'll have to make it by the window, shut your eyes and say your best Hail Mary, we've got to leap....leap....leap.. What in the name of.....I'm all tied up in the bedclothes?.....Say, what is this, a joke, now listen Forsyth, I've had enough of your silly pranks, what did you say? Oh...Oh, it's you Leo, my sweet, it's you and your darling cowbell! Cowbell.....Leo.....Breakfast.....School.....Ugh.....I feel faint. Flop-p-p-p.....

- Marjorie Fraser

Ambitions

Margo Jess -----	Torch singer
Margaret Quance-----	Right wing on a hockey team
Winn MacLennan-----	Swimming instructor at Mount A.
Joan Brown-----	Rich man's wife
Helen Plaunt-----	Raise the 30%
Phyl Dean-----	Grace Moore the second
Phoebe Hamilton-----	"Hamish"
Dorothy McKenzie-----	Lady of Leisure
Marjorie Fraser-----	To dance like Martha Graham
Bob Leonard-----	24 hours sleep out of 24.

Plaunt: He says I'm the nicest girl in town. Shall I ask him to call?
 Jess: No dear, let him keep on thinking so.

Thoughts

There are three roads leading to different parts of a town from a square in front of a small country-like station: one leading to a rather busy shopping center, one, by crossing a stone bridge, to the north side of the town, and the last one to our home among the fields and woods. The road is rather stony, to keep us from muddiness on rainy days. It is narrow, and even dark especially in the evening when few lights are lighting the road. It takes at least ten minutes to walk from the station to the part where you find warm and bright fire places. And yet, what a joy you would find on the way!

It is one of those clear autumnal mornings when you could look up and find the most magnificent face of Mt. Fuji, far over the green lines of woods. It looks so near to you, and yet it is so far from you. The fields are covered with silvery pampus grasses; the woods have changed their colour to bright yellow, orange, scarlet and green; and the sky is so blue and high. New snow is over the mountain! !

This is where we are living now. Father and Mother who love quiet places to live in, built a new house on the outskirts of Tokio about three years ago. I could hardly tell how we love our vicinity: stream, woods, fields with wild flowers and birds. Whenever we are free, we go out and stroll among the bushes and trees to search for wild flowers which are much prettier than usual ones. Sometimes we are led into a backyard of a country house (thatched house) without knowing, and find children burning leaves and baking sweet potatoes in the warm ashes. Mother, going in front, loves to tell us stories from what she is reading, and we are around her walking and listening with all our ears. Thus we walk and walk until the mist is coming down to surround us with coldness.

There is a river running along the road, and twisting as it goes. From both sides of its banks, old cherry trees are hanging over the water, which in spring in the evening, is dyed into golden, crimson, and purple by the setting sun rays, and on which thousands of cherry petals are dancing down with the waves. The banks are covered with grasses, where you find wild violets, dandelions, roses and thistles blooming in early spring.

If you like to stroll among the bushes and woods, you would find yourself led into one of those alleys without turning a corner. Breezes passing, and aloft, quiet rattlings of leaves are among your pleasures. Sometimes you will be surprised by a slender spider's web hanging across from this twig to the other, and a tiny yellowish decorated spider climbing up a bridge to hide himself from the danger.

In the summer time, the strong sunlight comes through the bunches of dark green leaves to the ground where the old dying leaves are covering the roots of pine trees.

When I was young I used to have a funny habit. I loved to kick pebbles and small stones while walking, with the tip of my shoes, and to see one pebble hitting another one and that one hitting another. Sometimes it hit one and ran away drawing a right angle on the ground; sometimes it stopped and would never go further; and sometimes it was hit back again and gave me a pinch in return. As I became interested and fascinated, I forgot to turn a corner for home, but went on and on for miles away. Mother scolded me often for my dirty shoes crusted at their tip.

But I'm surprised, even now, to find myself doing the same thing still, not with my shoes, but in my mind. A thought is coming in, and carries from one to another, coming up and fading out. It may be a kind of day-dream, maybe somebody would say, but I like to keep my old days habit as I loved it so much. Pebbles, and thoughts. But as pebbles are broken under the wheel, these thoughts may be trifles and valueless.

Our first impression, usually, has such a strong power in our minds. This can be said and applied in many cases in our daily life.

We are sometimes greatly surprised by finding out how much our impression from one book which was read in our child days, keeps burning in the bottom of our heart, and comes back with the same impression and enthusiasm when it is read over again after years. The great writings, the so-called masterpieces, must be ones which give the most strong impression to many of us. And those who could find keen spirit or impression in something, could achieve the things which impress us most.

Skating? I love it, but what shall I do with my bruises?

Doesn't your coat help to give you a bad posture, especially to your neck and head?

There are so many things that are very hard for us to do. One of them, I think is to be "resourceful". The value of man could be partly decided by whether he is resourceful or not. As we have been told in our classes the other day, "to be resourceful" is more difficult for us than other people. We use our bodies so hard in our work which gives us lots of bodily fatigue and also less of interest in things besides those activities, as we can get lots of fun in themselves than other people doing less muscular work. Don't be a mere gym teacher! !. That is what we have told us again and again, and that is what we must try hard not to be.

"Oh, gosh!" "Oh, gee! !" "Guddy, guddy!" "Oh boy!" "Nippy" "Crazy about" "Tea-dance" "Formal" ---My new vocabulary list.

Games which I have seen for the first time in Canada are: Lacrosse, Curling, Bowling, Tobogganing.

We feel so blue sometimes, and think that we are the only one who is really suffering from the real problem of life. But lo! when you open page x in your "Adolescent Psychology" you will find that it's but one of those trifling and similar examples in the book.

- Shigeko Hasegawa

The Awful Truth

She strode up to me and with a baleful glare roared, - We expect you to be able to teach riding, golfing, swimming, diving, tennis, canoeing, handcraft and nature lore. You must be able to cook and also groom horses and at any time be able to take over the job of director if the present one die or be poisoned - Can you do it?

Bravely I stood up to her and with a sticky accent gave the sacchrine reply, "Margaret Eaton Girls can and do, do everything ----- they never get their man! You have to live!

- Helen Plaunt

.....
Miss W: How did you ever make the raised letters on your Christmas card?
Dorothy C: They are the alphabet letters used in vegetable soup.
Fran C: Gee, imagine going thru' a can of vegetable soup for those.

.....
Scene: Patty balanced perilously on Jess.
Miss W: What are you supposed to be doing, Patty?
Sterne: A flying angel.
Miss W: It looks like an angel from Esquire to me.

"Come Unto Me....."

Her breathing was slower now but still it grated in her throat as if a file were being drawn over steel. We sat aimlessly on the stiff but not unattractive chairs, unable to read, unable to talk, unable even to look at each other, and each time that rasped breathing was heard we involuntarily gasped.

And so it had been for three long days, Harriet lying, so changed, on the bed next door, her family sitting mutely in the drawing room, occasionally wandering unseeing to the windows. Each had his thoughts, mostly of Harriet - of her gaiety and excitement at her twenty-first birthday ball perhaps, of her admiring pride when her husband was made Colonel, or of the loving and delighted light that came into her eyes when you sat down for a chat with her.

Of a sudden her breathing slowed even more, we rushed on tip-toe to stand fearfully around her bed. All except Constance who was unable to move. You see, Harriet was her mother.

By the bed was the nurse, her fingers encircling the wasted wrist. She smiled gravely at us and said, "Not yet". We whispered interrogations to her - strange that we still whispered and moved softly in this room although the doctor had repeatedly told us that Harriet was in a coma, that she could neither hear nor see nor could she feel the murdering pain that was gnawing inside her.

Looking down at that shrunken, dying figure I thought of Harriet as I had seen her not more than two weeks ago, sitting in her big blue chair by the window, commenting interestedly on the people passing by. Her white hair had gently framed a rounded, smiling face upon which there were no lines of discontent or bitterness. But her life had not been a smooth road, there had been deprivations and separations, especially sorrowful to her had been the loss of her husband and, later, of her favorite daughter. Yes, she had had her share of grief, and yet, there had also been a large share of joy. And the ever present undercurrent had been her religion, it was always with her, she practised it in deed as well as in thought. She had been taught that God was very near her, she believed it and she believed that everything that happened to her was arranged by God to fit into His purpose. So, no matter what happened, she smiled. Even in the midst of the excruciating pains of cancer she believed they had been sent by Him for a definite reason and so she was in some measure comforted.

With a start I realized I had been using the past tense, that I had been thinking of Harriet as if she were already dead. But was I very wrong? Surely that laboring figure on the bed was not Harriet. She had died three days ago, this - this thing was just a body running down, coming to an end of its function because of the malignant forces eating it away from within. Perhaps Harriet herself was somewhere around, growing just a bit impatient at the fuss we were making over the inevitable end of human material.

"I wish she was around," I half whispered to myself and tears welled up in my eyes - it was going to be hard getting used to one day following another and each one having somehow to be spent without Harriet. Oh, we had loved her so! I hope we had let her know.

An eerie feeling came over us, we looked at one another, what was it? And then we knew, the rasped breathing had stopped, Harriet was still breathing slowly, but quietly now. Into each of our minds raced the thought, "Is she going to live? Is it possible? Were the doctors wrong?"

But even as it came our hope was shattered for with a convulsive shudder the figure on the bed drew a gasping breath and then there was aching silence.

Convalescence (With apologies to E.E. Cummings)

Someone scorching patiently with clamped
 unblinking eyes beneath indigo goggles
 imbibing (grudgingly tall sticky egg
 n
 o
 g
 s
 telling constantly visitors very well;
 sometimes)
 thank you. with pills and drops and sleep and
 sleep and drops and pills and drops & pills & sleep
 always. maddeningly always never absent,

birds perch dizzily twitt perkily;
 sorrowing platinum ladies sway (chastely.
 blatantly
 and without introduction wind scoops drunkenly
 a sunshade swollen (wondering, and
 lowers
 it
 slow - ly
 down
 the caustic
 atmosphere
 roses. give painfully, generous beauty

Always in round through above, thoughts are
 hopes are plans are as
 Someone
 waits
 for what?

- Marian Hobday

Munich

Munich! One of the world's greatest and most beautiful international student centres. I was lucky enough to have been able to spend eleven months here, mixing work with a great deal of pleasure and seeing some of the finest works produced by European artists.

Shortly after my arrival there I proceeded to enroll myself in the University for the winter term commencing November 2nd. It was a long time before I had completed my time table of lectures as we were given two weeks in which we could listen to various talks and from those choose which ones we wished to continue with until Christmas.

My time table proved to be most interesting and varied: the History of German Art, Literature, Gothic and Early Renaissance Architecture and many other topics.

On Wednesday afternoons we were directed through the famous "Alte Pinakothek" containing one of the world's greatest collections of paintings which were described and analyzed for us in detail. Other afternoons from 2 p.m. until 5 p.m. we received instruction in drawing at the technical school.

At noon time the student cafeteria swarmed with the most extravagant cosmopolitan crowd, many Americans, English, Japanese, Chinese, Turks and Swedes. The meals were very good and like our own, inexpensive and satisfying.

Lectures ceased at 6 o'clock and most people like my friend and myself hastened on our way home buying our supper as we went before the shops were shut down at 7 p.m.

- Elinor Walker

"I Believe in Miracles..."

Do my eyes deceive me or is that really Sylvia Collier-Wright, silver skates flashing, sailing by in a perfect Dutch Roll? Oh no, it couldn't be - but it is -

Phil Dean is winning the 440 yard breast stroke and Ged Clawson is 50 yards behind. Ah me, what a little encouragement will do to one!

Is this a target which I see before me, the arrows toward my hand. Why it is nothing less than twelve bulls' eyes made by that consistent young lady Miss Marjorie Fraser. We hear that the arch in Miss Fraser's back seems to have some effect on the arch of the arrows as they head towards the target!

Well, if it isn't Plaunt and Corner giving Charles and Doris a lesson in the Modern Dance. Did I hear correctly or are my ears playing tricks again? Miss Plaunt's last remark was "Charles and Doris you really must watch and pay attention, this last bit of technique depends entirely on the hip movement."!

At last - Miss Jackson is submitting herself to a lesson in Gymnastics given by Laura. She realizes that we, who believe in higher education, know better and consider ourselves the highest authorities regarding that fascinating subject.

I also see that Eleanor Powell has finally come to the conclusion that she is absolutely out-classed by Madame Jess in that fine art of tap dancing. Did you know that Madame Jess married her career, but that she now is a most alluring widow?

Winn is writing a book on Anatomy and Miss McLurkirk says she will consult no other author if she desires correct information. Another reformer gone East!

I see that Miss Quance has just rushed off to teach her rushing Russians. Miss Quance is terribly busy every minute and has very little time to teach such hurried people and as a last resort she is teaching in her sleep. Of course this means that she is with her Russians twenty-four hours a day. Too bad, you just missed a most thrilling and exciting Badminton game. Bob Leonard is beaming broadly and is quite happy about the whole affair because she has finally been beaten by yours truly-15-0! Ah, HEAVEN, HEAVEN, Heaven, heaven, heaven.....Phew! My error - that was a terrifically hot fire I just passed.

- Gwynneth Schenk

What Would Happen If?

Forsyth forgot how to laugh.
Jess never lost her temper.
Corner wasn't agin' something.
Fraser was in bed before eleven.
Phoebe wasn't saying the wrong
thing at the right time.
Sylvia couldn't beam.
Laidlaw was always calm and cool.
Brown wasn't borrowing something.
Anne lost the 16 year old giggle.

Helen was optimistic.
Winn forgot how to eat.
Kay never lost a thing.
Joyce wore brogues.
McConnell said I can do it.
Patty lost her voice.
McKenzie learned to sing.
Wilson was on time.
Rhoda stopped posing.

.....

It might have been Corner who said - All the great men are gone, Shakespeare, Browning, Milton, Emerson - and I'm not feeling very well myself.

Memories Next September

Memories on a starry night in September when the lake is midnight blue and deep in the woods a lonely loon calls, memories and pictures of you - the queer, quaint, puzzled, practical Seniors. A night when the wind across the lake seems to blow to you and there remain, slowly moving through your hair and quite unexpectedly whispering "The Seniors grew so solemn and so serious, where did all their gayety go?" and the listening pine trees with a low rustle will say to each other: "We know, they worked them too hard". But the rippling waves will protest: "Not-at-all, Not-at-all, Not-at-all" up and down the shore line, until an owl hidden from sight will hoot: "They were too young to be old and gay, and too old to be young and gay." Then a tiny fish leaping from the lake to catch a fly will say: "That's right" before dropping out of sight.

Soon the wind coming around from behind your collar will murmur: "Funny mixture those Seniors, a mixture of daring and doubting - Daring to know what they thought, liked, and could do, at the same time doubting their ability to do anything other than what they dared to know they could do - anxious, cautious, practical in their ideas - not because they seldom allowed themselves to fly on the wings of the mind. "That" the pines will immediately say, "is nothing but midnight blue madness - why we heard them one night imagining the school without them"..... Then the waves rising higher will murmur "Imagine that - imagine that - just imagine" and far off across the water will come - the laugh of the loon.

Finally the wind with a few fussy whirls will say: "Well my dear I must be off; but will you ever forget that "wrong attitude" business of the Seniors one Friday in the hall outside the gym at school? Then the pines with deep understanding and mellow voices will say: They'll never know, ah no they'll never know" while lapping the rocks the waves will reply: "Yes they will, yes they will, oh yes they will" But the owl from a high bow will hoot: "Give them time, give them time"..... Good-bye Seniors!

- Dorothy Jackson

A Challenge

At high school age, if not before, young people begin to decide what they want to do as their life work. There are many factors which enter into the decision such as, environment, ability, opportunities, family, and finances.

The one great aim of life is to achieve happiness and the ideal occupation is one which gives us this happiness. Happiness may best be achieved through service to others. From the attitude of service, physical education is an ideal field. What could possibly bring more happiness than building sound minds in sound bodies?

The new physical training must fit the man to the new age. What does the new age demand? What kind of energy does it require? Not muscular energy, but nervous energy. Not muscular power, but organic vigor.

As teachers of physical education it should be our aim to further the real purpose of physical education, namely, the application of a character training program seeking to develop a sound mind in a sound body. We should not have the idea that good sportsmanship is a code of the athletic field only; it relates to the whole of life. We, as teachers, must aim higher than physical health, than big muscles, than victorious teams. Physical education may be so conducted as to set a standard of living that will surpass the average and the commonplace. There should be in such a scheme of things something of the healthier virtues of courage, truth, obedience, courtesy, and co-operation. Physical education should never be satisfied with techniques.

Browning said, "Thy body at its best, how far can that project thy soul on life's lone way?" What Browning knew by poetic insight, we know today in the discoveries of science. Mind and body are one. To conceive of physical education in terms of physical welfare alone is to ignore important vital points bearing on the nature of man.

These aims may seem very unattainable to us with our lack of knowledge and experience, but if we keep them in mind during our two years of training, we shall come to realize that we have progressed far towards attaining them. Because of many uncontrollable factors we cannot predict definitely where our course is leading us. However, most of us have visions of where we would like it to lead. Fortunately, or unfortunately, these visions are usually far beyond that which we will ever actually attain. Fortunately, because we need a goal for which to strive; and unfortunately, because we are apt to be disappointed if our dreams do not materialize-- if we do not reach the top round of the ladder of success.

However, one's philosophy of life should make one content with humble positions in the work of social reconstruction. No movement can conquer unless the vast majority of its supporters care more for the cause than for their own glory or advancement. Since only a comparative few can, in the nature of the situation, be leaders, it is important that most men and women be willing to serve in humble and inconspicuous ways.

One branch of education which will provide a field for teachers of physical education is the Adult Education Movement such as is being sponsored by Saint Francis Xavier University in eastern Nova Scotia. According to Dr. Coady, the director of the movement, adult education such as we have in Nova Scotia is "the mobilization of the intelligence of the people with a view to economic group action and the attainment of the material, spiritual, and cultural benefits that attend it".

The movement needs leaders, young men and women of courage, vision, ability and training. The demand is for leadership, high standards, and the personal influence of a good character. These leaders must have the ability to understand and appreciate, to guide and advise, to teach and inspire. These qualities come with maturity and developed ideals, not from a course of study. We naturally hesitate, realizing our limitations, to undertake such a task, but we must realize that ultimate happiness depends not so much on our original capacity as upon the extent to which we realize and utilize our possibilities.

Those who need adult education most are the farmers, fishermen, lumbermen and industrial workers, and their present need is not so much for Byron and Brahms as it is for bread and butter. Once these necessities are provided, it will then be the duty of the leaders of the movement to educate their countrymen to new experiences which will enrich intelligence, develop new appreciations, and lead to still wider and deeper living.

The greatness of the task is such that we are tempted to shrink from assuming our responsibilities in this great movement. But if we keep our ideals ever before us, we cannot help but succeed. As Browning has said, "One's aim should exceed one's grasp, or what's a heaven for?"

- Winnifred MacLennan

Famous Sayings

1. Treat for shock and send for the doctor - See page 161
2. Oh I don't know....
3. Ask the general secretary.
4. It's just mental...
5. We must cultivate a professional attitude towards this.
6. Hush up!
7. Who me?
8. Just call me slug!
9. It's psychological.
10. Who's neurotic? - !
11. Take a note!
12. Let's have a committee and let them decide!



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